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### III.—PROF. CHILD'S BALLAD BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

The theory of evolution, although, from its one-sidedness, incapable of furnishing a rational explanation of anything, is an admirable means of classifying facts or phenomena. As such, it is doing most excellent service in all the sciences, the philological no less than the natural. It is teaching us that every reality—not only every natural product, but likewise every institution, every idea, every word—has behind it an incalculable period of growth.

The Darwinian theory of the Origin of Species finds its counterpart in the now numerous works on Comparative Polity, Comparative Ethics, Comparative Religion, Comparative Grammar; and we shall, no doubt, soon see works on Comparative Ideology and Comparative Aesthetics, if indeed such do not already exist.

In all these sciences, as indeed in science generally, there are two stages, the first inductive, the second deductive. In the former, facts or phenomena are carefully collected and classified according to essential resemblances due to evolutionary connection. In the second, an attempt is made, with the aid of the known laws of being or logical possibility, to ascend from the facts so classified to the entity or entities whose activities are the causes of these facts—entities whose existence reason preemptorily asserts and whose nature it imperiously demands to know. This stage corresponds to a science of ontology and involution—a science which, unfortunately, has thus far made but little progress.

The work of which the first instalment is before us belongs distinctly to the first of these two stages. It is an attempt to collect and classify, according to principles of evolution, a distinct portion of the folk-lore of a great people, and to show its connection with the corresponding portion of the folk-lore of other peoples. The author nowhere attempts to work out a science or theory of ballads, or to trace them to their source in the natural faculties of the human mind. He does not even discuss the nature of the ballad,

<sup>1</sup> The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Part I. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London, Henry Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. 4to, pp. vi, 256.

as distinguished from other species of popular literature, and rarely does he try to look for the origin of a ballad in an actual event. In spite of this, as we read the volume through, there grows upon us the conviction that, if what the author is doing for the ballads of Scotland and England (Scotland, in this connection, ought certainly to stand first) were done for the ballads of other countries, it would not be difficult to construct a theory, and a profoundly interesting one, of ballads. Indeed, of the success with which Prof. Child has accomplished the task he has set himself, it would be very difficult to speak too highly, and he would be a brave man who should pretend to judge the result from a position of superior knowledge. Such knowledge, it may be safely asserted, does not exist, and certainly the present writer makes no claim to such. If, therefore, he allow himself to make a few strictures here and there, it will not be on scholarly grounds, but from a point of view to which no scholarship can lead, but which, nevertheless, has certain slight advantages—the point of view of one to whom many of the ballads came by oral tradition, and who used, as his first speech, the dialect in which by far the larger number of them are composed.

The volume before us contains all the forms which the author has been able to discover of twenty-eight ballads, with extensive introductions and notes. The care and trouble which he has expended in hunting up texts, and the number which, in some cases, he has discovered, are matters deserving of all admiration. It is plain that he has done everything in his power to bring to light all the varieties, the freakish as well as the natural, of every ballad. It is strange enough to find important versions of some of them coming from highly cultivated Boston ladies, American bishops and immigrant Irish servant-girls. No doubt there still exist, in remote corners, forms that have thus far escaped his diligent search; but this he knows better than any one, and, accordingly, invites contributions from every quarter. If any criticism of this part of his work were permissible, we might say that he would have done well to distinguish more clearly than he has done the freakish versions from the natural, and to determine, as far as possible, the locality in which each particular form was current. By the freakish forms we mean those that are due, not to natural development, but to the conscious effort either of rude popular bards or of cultivated poets impatient of popular uncouthness. They are, for the most part, easily distinguishable by turns

of expression, by conceits or by words foreign to the ballad style ; but these, of course, can be recognized only by those who have a well developed *feeling* for the style and language of ballads. Professor Child, possessing this feeling, as he certainly does in high degree, would, we think, have done well to mark as freakish, or even as monstrous, many verses, and even some whole ballads from the collection of Peter Buchan, as well as from some less heinously offending collections. On the principle that "A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies," Buchan's collection is one of the worst possible. It contains many genuine and precious fragments of old ballads ; but these are so mixed up with bald doggrel, either written by the collector himself or palmed off on him by some one having as little feeling as himself for the true ballad style, that it is almost worse than useless. It will never be of any value until some person, with the proper qualifications, goes over it thoroughly and separates the chaff and tares from the sound grain.

To determine the localities to which certain versions of a ballad belong, or in which they were originally composed, is often a very easy matter to any one having a speaking acquaintance with the English or Scotch dialects, and such determination is often extremely valuable in helping us to discover from what direction the original *mythos* of a ballad came. We believe it might be shown, for example, that those ballads whose most ancient and simple forms are composed in any of the dialects of the north-eastern counties of Scotland have a Scandinavian origin.

In his introductions, Prof. Child gives an account of the origin of his various texts, noting their differences, and enumerates the versions that occur in other languages. It is truly astonishing to see in how many and what widely spread forms the same original *mythoi* appear : many of them have a range wider than Christendom. Almost more astonishing even is the research that has enabled Prof. Child to discover the existence of versions in more than thirty languages—German and its dialects, Dutch, Flemish, Norse, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Wendish, Wallachian, Magyar, Esthonian, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, Greek, Albanian, Breton, Turkish, Kurdish, Afghan, Persian, Sanskrit, Arabic, etc., etc. As we read over these introductions, our respect for ballads grows wonderfully. We find that what once seemed almost too slight and common to deserve serious consideration or study can lay claim to

long descent and widely spread relations—that ballads have had a growth, and a history as interesting as that of ideas, politics, religions or languages. We find in them too an unsuspected bond between the scattered members of the human family.

Prof. Child's notes are occupied chiefly with various readings and minute philological criticism. It is deserving of remark that whatever emendations he has proposed he has confined to his notes, and has thus given the different versions of each ballad as he found them—the raw material for science, unimpaired. We will now run over the ballads one by one, making such remarks and criticisms as seem to us calculated to throw light upon them. Though Prof. Child has not informed us upon what principle he has arranged them, yet principle there plainly is, as those having kindred subjects are printed together.

The first ballad, entitled *Riddles Wisely Expounded*, and printed in four versions with variants, contains little that calls for remark. The refrain of version B, "Jennifer, gentle and rosemaree," is plainly a corruption for "Juniper, jennet and rosemary." Jennet is the French *genêt*, that is, broom. That the three words should have been mistaken for the names of the three sisters is readily conceivable. Jennifer" (accent on the last syllable) is a term frequently applied in the north of Scotland to little girls caught in some mischief or scrape; jennet easily runs into Janet, and rosemaree into Rose Mary. Prof. Child's conjecture that *gentle* might be for *gentian* is not happy. Gentian, we fear, is not a common plant in the British Isles. It is curious that this refrain is purely French; the corresponding names in Scotch for the three plants are, respectively, *etnach*, *brume* and *costmary*. In the same version, v. 8: "What is *broader* than the way?" we should, for obvious reasons and on the authority of v. 13 of A, read: "What is *longer*," etc.

Ballad No. 2, *The Elfin Knight*, appears in twelve versions more or less complete. The "burden-stem" of the first two exists in a form which Prof. Child seems not to have met, and which shows that some forms of the ballad had an unfortunate termination:

"Her plaidie awa, her plaidie awa,  
The win' blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa."

<sup>1</sup> This reminds us of another expression often used to naughty children, of which we have vainly tried to discover the meaning: "I'se sen' ye awa wi' a *nackarweetie* wife" (or perhaps, an *ackarweetie* wife). Can any one tell us the meaning of the word in Italics?

In couplet 2 of A :

" I wish that horn were in my *kist*,  
Yea, and the knight in my armes *two* "

we ought to read either *mou'* (mouth) for *kist*, or else *niest* for *two*, as in B. As, however, *niest* does not rhyme with *kist*, we are inclined to prefer the former emendation, and to consider the couplet in B as tinkered, especially as it is hard to see why the maid should desire to have the knight's horn in her kist. In B, couplet 14, for *stack* we must read *stak*, that is, stalk. In D, couplet 8 is plainly spurious. " It's right I ask as mony o thee," is not in the ballad style, and the Scotch dialect never omits the conjunction *that*. In couplet 9, instead of " My father askd me an acre o land," which is simple nonsense, we must read " My father aucht an acre o land (*aucht*=owns). Peter Buchan evidently did not know the meaning of *aucht*, and, therefore, replaced it by *askd*, which then suggested the following *me*. And yet the people of Buchan still say, " Fa aucht (yaucht) tat?" for " Who owns that?" The rhymes in the older forms of this ballad, *looff* with *love*, etc., show that it belongs to the north of Scotland.

Of ballad No. 3, *The Fause Knight upon the Road*, of which only the refrain is rhymed, there is but one version and one verse of another, both derived from Motherwell.

No. 4, entitled (arbitrarily, we think) *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight*, appears in six versions, with an introduction of nearly thirty-three pages, full of learning and interest. The wide currency of this ballad and the industry with which Prof. Child has traced it through a score of languages are equally surprising. Sophus Bugge's attempt to carry the subject of it back to the story of Judith and Holofernes cannot be called successful, although such an origin would be in nowise strange or unlikely. It is a great pity that Prof. Child has placed at the head of his versions the shorter one from Buchan's collection, and thus been led to give the ballad a false title. The version in question we maintain to be a pure fabrication. The first two verses are borrowed from some version of *The Elfin Knight* (not contrariwise, as Prof. Child conjectures), and the rest are pure, unmitigated doggerel, written perhaps by Buchan himself. The only verse that contains any trace of the ballad style or language is the 12th. The case is different with Buchan's second version (B), which, with the exception of the last (doggerel) verse, seems to be genuine. Unfortu-

nately, it is not complete, several verses being wanting between one and two, and between two and three. We doubt whether the first two lines of the first verse belong to this ballad ; but they are certainly beyond Buchan's power of invention. "Wearie's well," we think, deserved a note. "Wearie," connected perhaps with *werre* (*i. e.* worse), plainly means the Evil One. "Auld Wearie" is now used, or at least was used twenty years ago, like "Auld Hor-nie" or "Auld Clootie," to mean the devil. We doubt seriously whether Buchan was right in saying the Binyan's Bay is the old name for the mouth of the Ugie.

No. 5, *Gil Brenton*, appears in eight versions, with variants and an introduction of six pages. The first version is the best, and several others are fairly good ; but that from Buchan's collection is very bad. Couplets 4, 6, 9-14, 19, 23-28, 32-34, 37, 41, 45, 47, 52, 55, 56 are certainly spurious, and several others may be so. This is shown by their style and language. That Buchan should have used the word *trunk* for *kist* (couplets 44, 45) shows that he had not the slightest feeling for ballad diction. From version C Prof. Child would strike out couplets 24, 25, 42, 43, 80, 81, 83. We agree with him only in the case of 42, 43, 83. Couplet 24 is so unintelligible that it must be genuine. No one would invent

" If ye be a maiden *but*,  
Meikle sorrow will ye get "

to mean, If ye be not a maiden, etc., as the words plainly do. It is difficult to suggest an emendation ; but perhaps we ought to read " If ye binna maiden yet."

No. 6, *Willie's Lady*, has but one version (with variants), which, however, is generally satisfactory, although some of the verses sound as if they had been tinkered. In couplet 24, " The goodlie gift *has* be her ain," *has* is plainly a slip for *sall* or '*se*. This ballad, as the language and rhymes show, plainly belongs to the north of Scotland. It is curious to find the participle of *let* written once *letten*, another time *lotten*, when the correct form is *latten*. The introduction contains some interesting accounts of superstitions connected with child-birth, and shows, as we should expect, that the ballad is very popular in the Scandinavian countries.

No. 7, *Earl Brand*, appears in seven versions, of which the last (F), a fragment from the Percy MS, is by far the best. That from Scott's *Minstrelsy* is sadly patched with foreign cloth : hardly a single verse has escaped. The same is true, to a less extent, of

version C. Prof. Child's introduction is full of curious information, and shows that the ballad has extensive Scandinavian connections and finds full explanation only by reference to them. Indeed, there can be no manner of doubt that it is of Scandinavian descent and that the original Earl Brand was a fairy prince, an Erl-King. "It is a Norwegian belief," says Prof. Child, "that when a nix assumes the human shape, in order to carry some one off, it will be his death if the selected victim recognizes him and names him." It is this death-naming that forms the crisis in nearly all the Scandinavian versions of *Earl Brand*. On the effect of naming, compare Whittier's ballad of *Kollundborg Church*. There is a curious superstition in Scotland to the effect that the fairies very much resent being called by that name. Hence the rhyme :

"Gin ye ca' 's (call us) guid neebors,  
Guid neebors we will be ;  
But gin ye ca' us fairies,  
We'll fare ye ower the sea."

When it rains and the sun shines at the same time, a Buchan woman will say, "Oor guid neebors are bakin'."

Of No. 8, *Erlington*, which comes in three versions, Prof. Child says: "This ballad has only with much hesitation been separated from the foregoing." There is excellent reason for this hesitation, although the two ballads end quite differently. The truth is that many of the ballads, especially those of which the original heroes were fairies or other supernatural beings, have alternative endings. This fact, which we believe has never been sufficiently adverted to, is most natural. Sprites and witches have certain well-defined practices with reference to human beings, and in these they are sometimes successful and sometimes not. We see a striking example of this alternative ending in the Danish versions of *Willie's Lady* (No. 6), in some of which the lady escapes unhurt, in others of which she dies; and the same may be seen in the German versions of *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight* (No. 4, see pp. 37 sqq.), in which the original hero was unquestionably a fairy. We believe that version C, in which Robin Hood figures as the hero, has no connection whatever with the ballad of *Erlington* and ought not to appear here at all. The subject or *πρᾶξις* is, roughly speaking, the same; but that is all. The Robin Hood ballad is in no sense a version of *Erlington* more than *Enoch Arden* is a version of *Robinson Crusoe*, or of Odysseus on Calypso's island.

No. 9, *The Fair Flower of Northumberland*, presents itself in



five versions. It is in every respect a poor ballad, and hardly deserves a place in this noble collection. Indeed, we feel pretty certain that if Prof. Child were to frame a definition of the term *ballad*, he would be obliged to exclude this "stroud"—for it is nothing more than a stroud, such as one can find any day, fresh from the brain of some vulgar scribbler, on market stalls in Scotland. The *mythos* of every true ballad, as of every true tragedy, is a *πράξις σπουδαία*, or earnest action, carrying with it a moral and ending in poetic justice, and such is certainly not the *mythos* of this production, of which the termination is, that the mother of a wanton, runaway daughter, who has been deserted and maltreated by her paramour, promises her "gold for to gain a husband." It is highly befitting that the best version of this piece (B) should be Buchan's, who, no doubt, wrote it himself, and strove to conceal the fact by setting aside a rhyme that must have forced itself upon him. He says :

"She went unto her father's *bed-head*,  
She's stown the key o mony a lock."

It is impossible that, if the ballad had been obtained from traditional recitation, we should not have had *bed-stock* (as in B) instead of *bed-head*, especially as *bed-head* in the north of Scotland does not mean the part of the bed where the pillows are, but the top of a bed shaped like a box. It is very funny to think of keys being kept on a *bed-head*! Prof. Child says: "We do not find the whole of this story repeated among other European nations." We should hope not, for their credit.

No. 10, *The Twa Sisters*, better known in Scotland as *Binno'rie*, appears in no fewer than twenty-one versions, more or less complete. The best, and evidently, in form, the oldest, is M, "taken down from recitation at Old Deir (*sic* for *Deer*), 1876, by Mrs. A. F. Murison." No doubt Mrs. Murison copied what she heard; but we think that instead of stanza 9,

"O sister, O sister, len me your han,  
An yes be heir to my true love,"

we ought to have three stanzas thus :

"O sister, O sister, len me your han,  
An ye sall be heir to half o my lan."

"It was nae for your lan that I gart ye droon,  
But ye was fair an I was broon."

"O sister, O sister, reach me your glove,  
An yes be heir to my true love."

Some of the versions are very poor and seem like attempts at parody. This is particularly true of L, which ends with this verse, worthy of Mother Goose :

"And what did he do with her petty toes ?  
He made them a nosegay to put to his nose."

Version R ends with this absurd verse, which might surely have been relegated to a note :

"The cat's behind the buttery shelf,  
If you want any more you may sing it yourself."

The one verse marked T does not, in our opinion, belong to this ballad at all. As we might expect, this ballad has very extensive foreign connections, and we hazard the conjecture that it came to Great Britain from Scandinavia. We may add that it is sung to a very plaintive air, which makes the *Binnorie* of the refrain as effective as Whitfield's *Mesopotamia*.

No. 11, *The Cruel Brother*, appears in eleven versions, of which we should strike out the fragment marked D, as belonging to *The Twa Sisters* (*Binnorie*) rather than to this ballad, and also version K, as making no mention of a "cruel brother," or indeed of a brother at all, and being rather a children's play-rhyme than a ballad. A modern ballad, having the same fundamental *mythos* as this, is *Mill o Tiftie's Annie*, which as well deserves a place under this No. as the Robin Hood ballad does under No. 7. It was founded on a real event.

No. 12, *Lord Randal*, presents itself in fifteen versions, which differ widely in form, but little in content. We believe the oldest forms are those which Prof. Child has placed last.

No. 13, *Edward*, comes to us in two widely different versions, which are both inferior, in point of literary merit, to the one stanza of a third version, marked C. A better name for the ballad would be *The Cruel Wife*, especially as the better of the two versions now extant does not contain the name Edward at all. The version which contains the name Edward "was sent to (Bishop) Percy by Sir David Dalrymple." "Motherwell thought there was reason to believe 'that his lordship made a few slight verbal changes in the copy he transmitted and altered the hero's name to Edward.'" Prof. Child doubts this, and holds that "'Edward' is not only unimpeachable, but has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad." That the ballad, as a whole, is genuine, there can be no doubt; but it

does not follow that the form of it which Percy received from Sir David Dalrymple is so; and we not only agree with Motherwell in regard to it, but we should go further and say that a large portion of it is only a very skilful fabrication. This is abundantly plain from the language, as we could show conclusively, if space allowed. Swinburne, if we remember rightly, has a ballad upon the same subject, which is quite as skilful as this, and not a whit less genuine.

No. 14, *Babylon* (which, plainly, ought to be *Baby Lon*) or *The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie*, has five versions, of which D contains some doggrel. Several more, we believe, might be found; for this ballad is as elastic as *Hunting Tower*.<sup>1</sup>

The five ballads, 10-14, belong to a class which may be styled Ballads of Unnatural Kin. We think *The Cruel Mother* (No. 20) might fairly have been included in it.

No. 15, *Leesome Brand*, is here given in two versions, neither of which is genuine. The former, from Buchan's collection, is a fabrication, being made up from fragments of six ballads, partly translated into doggrel and combined with the same material. The ballads in question are *Hind Horn*, *Earl Brand*, *The True Lover*, *May Colven*, *Leesome Brand* (there was such a ballad) and *Sheath and Knife*. Stanzas 1-3 are a travesty of the opening verses of *Hind Horn*, with perhaps a line or two from the true *Leesome Brand*; stanza 4 is due to *Earl Brand*; stanzas 5 and 6 to *The True Lover*; 7-20 to *May Colven* (with a notion or two from *The Fair Flower of Northumberland*); 21-32, to *Sheath and Knife*; 33-35 to *Leesome Brand*; 36-43 to *Sheath and Knife*, and 44-47 to *Leesome Brand*. Version B is simply a form of *Sheath and Knife*, as Prof. Child clearly sees (p. 178). We have little doubt that *Leesome Brand* was originally but the alternative form of *Earl Brand*, and that much of it might still be recovered from tradition.

No. 16, *Sheath and Knife*, is a story almost too sad even for a ballad. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has come down to us only in a fragmentary state. Though several of the versions (five, including the B of *Leesome Brand*) contain Scotch words, the ballad is plainly of English origin.

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Child tells us that version E is "from Mearnsshire," not knowing (how, indeed, should he?) that, while we may speak of Kincardineshire as "The Mearns," we cannot say "Mearnsshire."

No. 17, *Hind Horn*, comes in eight forms, not one of which is very good, while several are marred by pure doggrel. This is a very great pity, because *Hind Horn* is one of the finest of all the Scotch ballads and one of the most widely known. The writer many years ago heard a version in four-lined stanzas, differing considerably from any of those in this collection. In that version the Hind was described as taking part in a joust at the king's court, and one verse ended with: "But young Hind Horn was abune them a'." Farther on was a verse which ran thus:

"O got ye this o' the sea sailin'  
Or got ye 't o' the lan'  
Or got ye 't o' the bloody shores o' Spain  
On a droont man's han'?"

It seems impossible that this version should not still be recoverable. Buchan's version (H), as usual, is bad and full of his own doggrel, and C is not much better. Indeed, it is observable that all the versions of ballads obtained by Motherwell from the singing or recitation of Agnes Lyle are poor. Agnes seems to have dealt with the ballads pretty much as Peter Buchan did. Prof. Child's introduction to this ballad (fifteen pages) is replete with learning and interest.

Of 18, *Sir Lionel* (six versions, several of them fragments) and 19, *King Orfeo* (one version), there is nothing to say, except that it is strange enough to see, in the second, the classic Hadês spoken of as the "king of Ferrie" (*i. e.* Faerie).

No. 20, *The Cruel Mother*, one of the most genuine pieces of folk-lore in existence, occurs in thirteen versions (with variants), many of them fragmentary. The copies from Buchan's collection are of the usual quality. To one of them is prefixed a "burden-stem" from version E of *Binnorie*, while some of the couplets of the other are simply disgusting. This is in many ways a singular ballad. Probably no one ever heard or saw a complete form of it. It seems never to have been more than a fragment, or rather a couple of fragments with a lacuna between them.

No. 21, *The Maid and the Palmer*; No. 22, *St. Stephen and Herod*; No. 23, *Judas*, call for no remark, except this, that the last two can hardly ever have been "popular ballads." They are plainly of monkish origin and remind one of the style of the *Ormulum*.

No. 24, *Bonnie Annie* (in two versions) seems a mixture of the stories of Jonas, Arion and Danaë, with a bad ending. This ballad

seems to have no foreign connections, and, indeed, it bears internal evidence of being a late production.

No. 25, *Willie's Lyke-wake*, with three versions and one fragment, is an ignoble ballad, if indeed it deserves to be called a ballad at all. Some of the doggrel in Buchan's version is extremely funny; for instance:

"Then they did conduct her into the ha  
Among the weepers and merry mourners a'

"When she lifted up the covering sae red,  
With melancholy countenance to look on the dead," etc.

Think of 'conduct,' and 'melancholy countenance' in a ballad!

Of No. 26, *The Three Ravens* (one version) Prof. Child is right in considering the *The twa Corbies* not to be a *replica*. The latter, though of great cynical power, is not a ballad at all.

No. 27, *The Whummil' Bore*, seems not a separate ballad at all, but either a fragment from some lost version of *Hind Horn*, or else one of those little *Genrebilder* not uncommon in Scotch literature. The last verse is plainly spurious, as well as superfluous.

No. 28, *Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane*, is, with the exception of the last couplet, a very genuine fragment of a ballad, of which Motherwell was right in saying that there are "various sets traditionally current." Indeed, the sets are very various, so much so that they do not all refer to the same part of the unfortunate relation between Burd Ellen and her lover. Here are a couple of fragments from what may be called *The Seduction*:

"Burd Ellen stands in her bower-door  
As straucht 's a hollan' wand,  
And by it comes the gairdner lad (it = there)  
Wi' a reed rose in his hand;

"Says: 'I hae shapen a weed for thee  
Amang my simmer flowers—"

He goes on to describe this 'weed' in glowing terms, promising to array her in flowers more gorgeously than ever Solomon in

<sup>1</sup> Read *Wummil* or *wummlle*: *whummil* means something quite different, viz.: to invert a cup or any similar vessel. When one is in any doubt whether to write a word with *wh* or *w*, it is a good rule to see whether the people of Buchan pronounce it with an *f* or not. They always pronounce *wh* as *f* at the beginning of words, except before an *i* (Italian). *Fa fuppet the peer fite folpie*, is Buchanese for *Who whipt the poor white whelp*. They do not call a wimble a fommel. This disposes of an attempt made in the American Journal of Philology I, p. 62, to derive *weasand* from *wheeze*. The Buchanese say *wuzzen*, not *fuzzzen*.

all his glory was arrayed. Burd Ellen hears him out and then replies :

“ Gin ye hae shapen a weed for me  
Amang your simmer flowers,  
It's I'll repay ye back again  
Amang the winter showers.

“ The steed that ye sall ride upon  
Sall be o' the frost sae snell;  
And I'll saddle him wi' the norlan' winds  
And some sharp showers o' hail.”

And then she goes on giving a gloomy enough picture of his array. But the ballad is not one of a high order.

It is difficult to take leave of Prof Child's charming volume, in which rare scholarship is so happily blended with the still rarer evidence of power to enter into the feelings of people who accepted the stern facts of life without question, and who had not risen to that self-consciousness which is at once our glory and our “ death-naming.” We can only rejoice that there are seven more volumes to come. Let us hope that Prof. Child may be spared to see the last of them through the press, and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his long labor of love brought to a happy termination. His work is one of which not only America may well be proud, but for which every lover of English literature, and every earnest student of the inner side of human history, owe him a debt of profound gratitude. Henceforth his name and fame are indissolubly bound up with the English and Scottish Popular Ballads.<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, the second volume has appeared, and will be noticed in the next number of this Journal.